



THE STORY OF A MAN WHO IN HIS OWN LITTLE WORLD ABOARD SHIP WAS A LAW UNTO HIMSELF

SYNOPSIS.

Humphrey Van Weyden, critic and dilettante, is thrown into the water by the sinking of a ferryboat in a fog in San Francisco bay, and becomes unconscious before help reaches him. On coming to his senses he finds himself aboard the sealing schooner Ghost, Captain Wolf Larsen, bound to Japan waters, witness the death of the first mate and bears the captain's curse the dead man for presuming to die at the beginning of the voyage. The captain refuses to put Humphrey ashore and makes him cabin boy "for the good of his soul." Humphrey sees the body of the mate dumped into the sea. He begins to learn potato peeling and dish washing under the cockney cook, Muggridge, is caught by a heavy sea shipped over the quarter as he is carrying tea aft and his knee is seriously hurt, but no one pays any attention to his injury.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

After breakfast I had another unenviable experience. When I had finished washing the dishes I cleaned the cabin stove and carried the ashes up on deck to empty them. Wolf Larsen and Henderson were standing near the wheel, deep in conversation. I passed them and flung the ashes over the side to windward. The wind drove them back, and not only over me but over Henderson and Wolf Larsen. The next instant the latter kicked me violently, as a cur is kicked. I reeled away from him and leaned against the cabin in a half-fainting condition. But Wolf Larsen did not follow me up. Brushing the ashes from his clothes, he had resumed his conversation with Henderson. Johansen, who had seen the affair from the break of the poop, sent a couple of sailors aft to clean up the mess.



Later in the morning I received a surprise of a totally different sort. Following the cook's instructions, I had gone into Wolf Larsen's state-room to put it to rights and make the bed. Against the wall, near the head of the bunk, was a rack filled with books. I glanced over them, noting with astonishment such names as Shakespeare, Tennyson, Poe and De Quincey. There were scientific works, too, among which were represented men such as Tyndall, Proctor and Darwin. Astronomy and physics were represented, and I remarked Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," Shaw's "History of English and American Literature," and Johnson's "Natural History" in two large volumes. Then there were a number of grammars, such as Metcalf's and Reed and Kellogg's; and I smiled as I saw a copy of "The Dean's English."

I could not reconcile these books with the man from what I had seen of him, and I wondered if he could possibly read them. But when I came to make the bed I found, between the blankets, dropped apparently as if he had sunk off to sleep, a complete Browning, the Cambridge edition. It was open at "In a Balcony," and I noticed, here and there, passages underlined in pencil. Further, letting drop the volume during a lurch of the ship, a sheet of paper fell out. It was scrawled over with geometrical diagrams and calculations of some sort. This glimpse I had caught of his other side must have emboldened me, for I resolved to speak to him about the money I had lost.

"I have been robbed," I said to him, a little later, when I found him pacing up and down the poop alone. "Sir," he corrected, not harshly, but sternly. "I have been robbed, sir," I amended. "How did it happen?" he asked.

Then I told him the whole circumstance, how my clothes had been left to dry in the galley, and how, later, I was nearly beaten by the cook when I mentioned the matter. He smiled at my recital. "Pickings," he concluded; "Cooky's pickings. And don't you think your miserable life worth the price? Besides, consider it a lesson. You'll learn in time how to take care of your money for yourself. I suppose, up to now, your lawyer has done it for you, or your business agent."

FATHER TIME NEVER BLUFFED

Sooner or Later the Old Gentleman Gets Even With Those Who Practice Deception. Once upon a time there was a lady who wished to have her real age kept a secret. In order to get away with it she instructed her son, in case anyone asked how old he was, to knock off about 50 per cent.

question, and it seemed that the deeps were opening to me and that I was gazing into his soul. But that was an illusion. Far as it might have seemed, no man has ever seen very far into Wolf Larsen's soul, or seen it at all of this I am convinced. It was a very lonely soul, I was to learn, that never unmasked, though at rare moments it played at doing so.

"I read immortality in your eyes," I answered, dropping the "sir"—an experiment, for I thought the intimacy of the conversation warranted it. He took no notice.

When the rector rushed into the hall to see what had caused the loud crash he had heard he found the boy's mother lying on the floor in a dead faint. Moral: Old Father Time calls all bluffs. Appropriately Named. "I tripped over something in the darkness and nearly broke my leg!" carped the Kansas City drummer who was marooned in Petunia overnight, and had ventured out to a picture show.

"I agree with you," he answered. "Then why move at all, since moving is living? Without moving and being part of the yeast there would be no hopelessness. But—and here it is—we want to live and move, though we have no reason to, because it happens that it is the nature of life to live and move, to want to live and move. If it were not for this, life would be dead. It is because of this life that is in you that you dream of your immortality. The life that is in you is alive and wants to go on being alive forever. Bah! An eternity of piggingness!"

"Then to what end?" he demanded. "If I am immortal—why?" "I faltered. How could I explain my idealism to this man? How could I put into speech a something felt, a something like the strains of music heard in sleep, a something that convinced yet transcended utterance?"

CHAPTER VI. By the following morning the storm had blown itself quite out and the Ghost was rolling slightly on a calm sea without a breath of wind. The men were all on deck and busy preparing their various boats for the season's hunting. There are seven boats aboard, the captain's dinghy, the six which the hunters will use. Three, a hunter, a boat puller, and a boat steerer, compose a boat's crew. On board the schooner the boat pullers and steerers are the crew. The hunters, too, are supposed to be in command of the watches, subject, always, to the orders of Wolf Larsen.

All this, and more, I have learned. The Ghost is considered the fastest schooner in both the San Francisco and Victoria fleets. In fact, she was once a private yacht, and was built for speed. Johnson was telling me about her in a short chat I had with him during yesterday's second dog watch. He spoke enthusiastically, with the love for a fine craft such as some men feel for horses.

Every man aboard, with the exception of Johansen, who is rather overcome by his promotion, seems to have an excuse for having sailed on the Ghost. Half of the men forward are deep-water sailors, and their excuse is that they did not know anything about her or her captain. And those who do know whisper that the hunters, while excellent shots, were so notorious for their quarrelsome and rascally proclivities that they could not sign on any decent schooner.

I have made the acquaintance of another one of the crew—Louis, he is called, a rotund and jovial-faced Nova Scotia Irishman, and a very sociable fellow, prone to talk as long as he can find a listener. In the afternoon, while the cook was below and asleep and I was peeling the everlasting potatoes, Louis dropped into the galley for a "yarn." His excuse for being aboard was that he was drunk when he signed. He is accounted one of the two or three very best boat steerers in both fleets.

"Ah, my boy"—he shook his head ominously at me—"it's the worst schooner ye could iv selected, nor would ye drunk at the time as was I. Don't I remember him in Hakodate two years gone, when he had a row an' shot four iv his men? An' there was a man the same year he killed with a blow iv his fist. An' wasn't there the governor of Kura Island, an' the chief iv police, Japanese gentlemen, sir, an' didn't they come aboard the Ghost as his guests, a-bringin' their wives along—wee an' pretty little bits of things like you see 'em painted on fans. An' as he was a gettin' under way, didn't the fond husbands get left astern-like in their sampans, as it might be by accident? An' wasn't it a week later that the poor little ladies was put ashore on the other side of the island, with nothin' before 'em but to walk home across the mountains on their weeny-teeny little straw sandals, which wouldn't hang together a mile? Don't I know?"

"But that is beside the matter," I cried. "Not at all." He was speaking rapidly, now, and his eyes were flashing. "It is piggingness, and it is life. Of what use or sense is an immortality of piggingness? What is the end? What is it all about? To be pigish as you and I have been all our lives does not seem to be just the thing for immortals to be doing. Again, what's it all about? Why have I kept you here?"

"Because you are stronger," I managed to blurt out. "But why stronger?" he went on at once with his perpetual queries. "Because I am a bigger bit of the ferment than you? Don't you see? Don't you see?"

"But the hopelessness of it," I protested.

REFLECTED FROM THE LAND

Mirage Frequently Seen by Travelers Through the Red River Valley of Minnesota.

That phenomenon known as the mirage has always been of interest to travelers. Sometimes even people on the train can get a glimpse of such an illusion. In the Red River valley of Minnesota are occasionally to be seen some of its effects. In a guide book issued by the United States Geological survey Warren Upham says: "The mirage, typical of plains, country or the ocean, may be seen in the Red River valley almost any sunny day in spring, summer or autumn. This queer phenomenon makes the high land at the sides of the valley and the tops of the distant trees and houses appear to be raised a little above the horizon, with a narrow strip of sky between. The more complex and astonishing effect of mirage may be seen from the highland on either side of the lake-bed floor. There, in looking across the valley from one and one-half to two hours after sunrise on

"An how is it ye can get men to do anything on God's earthen sea?" Louis demanded with Celtic fire. "There's them that can't sail with better men, like the hunters, and them that don't know, like the poor devils of wind-jammers for'ard there." "Them hunters is the wicked boys," he broke forth again, for he suffered from a constitutional plethora of speech. "But wait till they get to cutting up iv jinks and rowin' round He's the boy'll fix 'em. Look at that hunter iv mine, Horner. Didn't he kill his boat steerer last year? An' there's Smoke, the black little devil—didn't the Roosians have him for three years in the salt mines of Siberia, for poachin' on Copper island, which is a Roosian preserve? Shackled he was, hand an' foot, with his mate. An' didn't they have words or a ruction of some kind?—for 'twas the other fellow Smoke sent up in the buckets to the top of the mine; an' a piece at the time he went up, a leg today, an' tomorrow an arm, the next day the head, an' so on."

"But you can't mean it!" I cried out, overcome with the horror of it. "Mean what?" he demanded, quick as a flash. "'Tis nothin' I've said. Deef I am, and dumb, as ye should be for the sake iv your mother; an' never once have I opened me lips but to say fine things iv them an' him. God curse his soul, an' may he rot in purgatory ten thousand years, and then go down to the last an' deepest hell iv all!"

Johnson seemed the least equivocal of the men forward or aft. He seemed to have the courage of his convictions, the certainty of his manhood. It was this that made him protest, at the commencement of our acquaintance, against being called Yonson. And upon this, and him, Louis passed judgment and prophecy.

"'Tis a fine chap, that squarehead Johnson we've for'ard with us," he said. "The best sailorman in the fo'castle. He's my boat puller. But it's to trouble he'll come with Wolf Larsen, as the sparks fly upward. The Wolf is strong, and it's the way of a wolf to hate strength, an' strength it is he'll see in Johnson—no knucklin' under, and a 'Yes, sir' thank ye kindly, sir, for a curse or a blow."

Thomas Muggridge is becoming unendurable. I am compelled to Mister him and Sir him with every speech. One reason for this is that Wolf Larsen seems to have taken a fancy to him. It is an unprecedented thing, I take it, for a captain to be chummy with the cook; but this is certainly what Wolf Larsen is doing. Two or three times he put his head into the galley and chaffed Muggridge good-naturedly, and once, this afternoon, he stood by the break of the poop and chatted with him for fully fifteen minutes. When it was over, and Muggridge was back in the galley, he became gleefully radiant, and went about his work, humming the cozier songs in a nerve-racking and discordant falsetto.

"I always get along with the officers," he remarked to me in a confidential tone. "I know the w'y, I do, to myke myself appreciated. There was my last skipper, 'Muggridge,' sez 'e to me, 'Muggridge,' sez 'e, 'you've missed yer vokytion.' 'An' 'ow's that?' sez I, 'Ye should a' been born a gentleman, an' never 'ad to work for yer livin'.' God strike me dead, 'Ump, if that ain't wot 'e sez, an' me a-sittin' there in 'is own cabin, jolly-like an' comfortable, a-smokin' 'is cigars an' drinkin' 'is rum."

This chit-chat drove me to distraction. I never heard a voice I hated so. Positively, he was the most disgusting and loathsome person I have ever met. The filth of his cooking was indescribable, and, as he cooked everything that was eaten aboard, I was compelled to select what I ate with great circumspection, choosing from the least dirty of his concoctions.

My hands bothered me a great deal, unused as they were to work. Nor was my knee any better. The swelling had not gone down, and the cap was still up on edge. Hobbbling about on it from morning to night was not helping it any. What I needed was rest, if it were ever to get well.

Rest! I never before knew the meaning of the word. I had been resting all my life and did not know it. But now, from half past five in the morning till ten o'clock at night, I am everybody's slave, with not one moment to myself, except such as I can steal near the end of the second dog watch. Let me pause for a minute to look out over the sea sparkling in the sun, or to gaze at a sailor going aloft to the gaff-topsails, or running out the bowsprit, and I am sure to hear the hateful voice. "Ere, you 'Ump, no sodgerin'. I've got my peepers on yer."

There are signs of rampant bad temper in the steerage, and the gossip is going around that Smoke and Henderson have had a fight. Henderson seems the best of the hunters, a slow-going fellow, and hard to rouse; but roused he must have been, for Smoke had a bruised and discolored eye, and looked particularly vicious when he came into the cabin for supper.

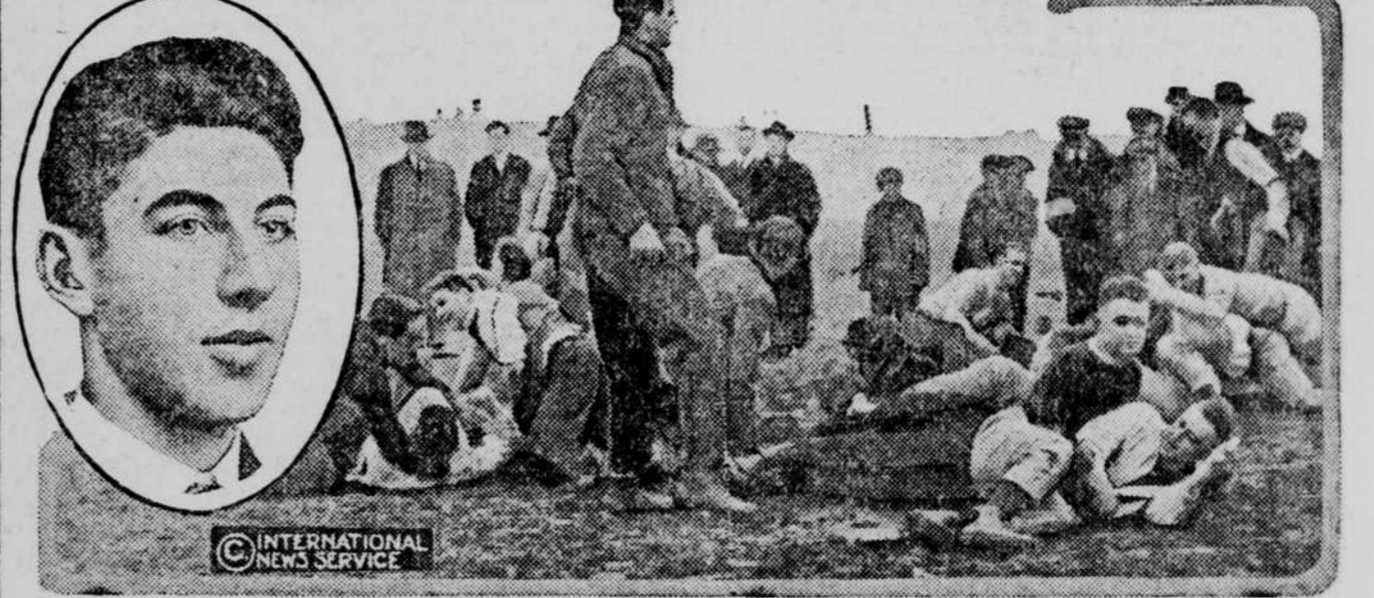
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NORWEGIAN CITY THAT WAS DEVASTATED BY FIRE



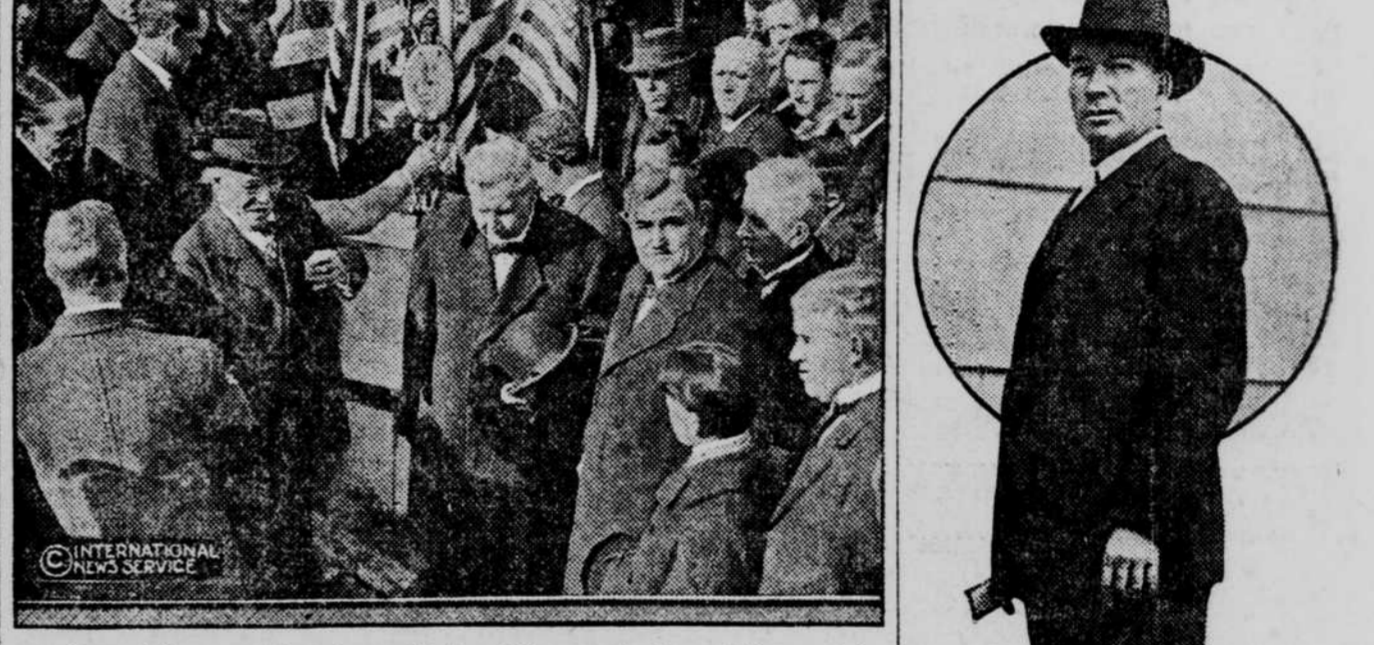
General view of Bergen, one of the chief cities of Norway, which was partly destroyed by fire. At least 400 buildings were burned and thousands of persons made homeless.

FATAL BOWL FIGHT AT PENN UNIVERSITY



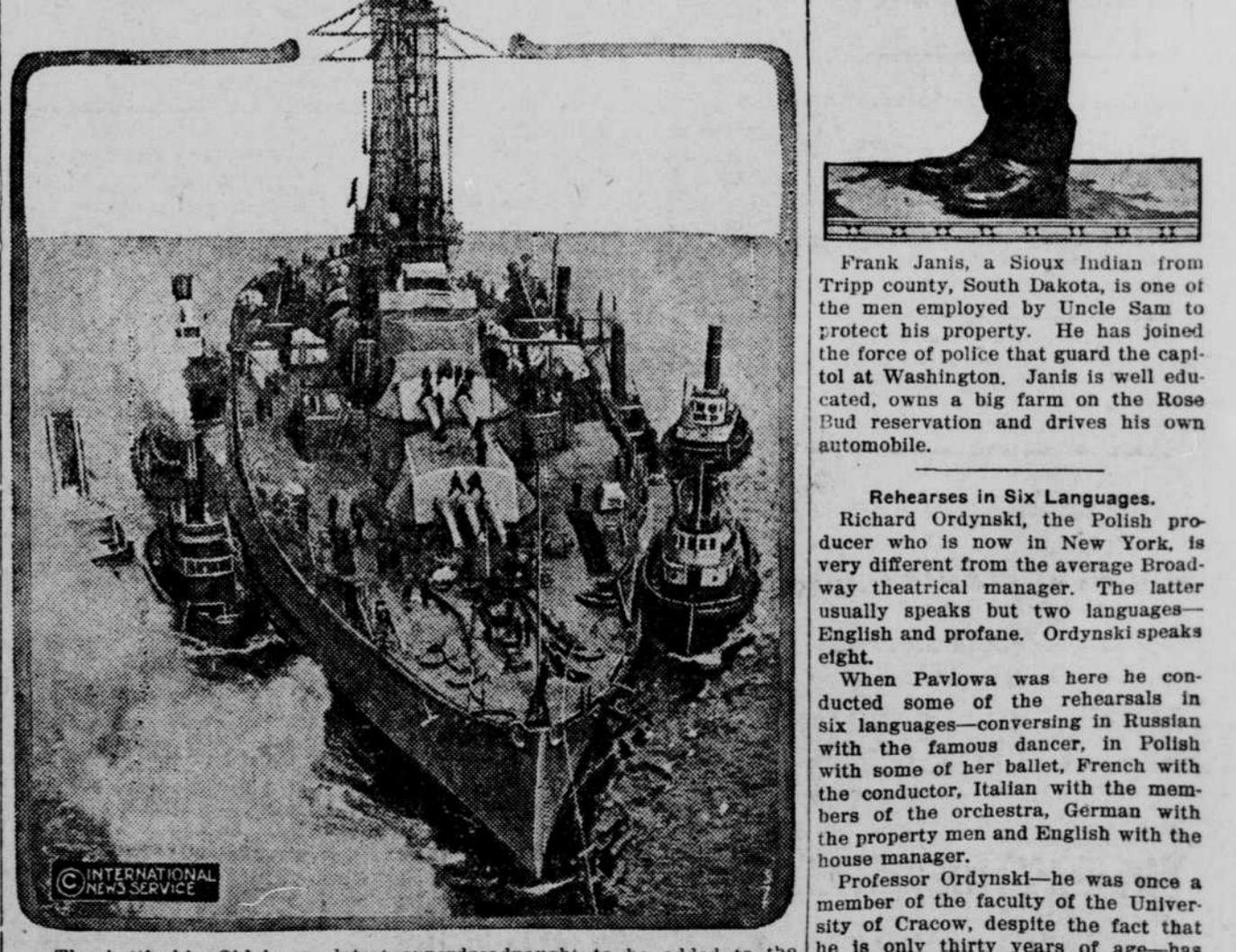
This is a photograph taken during the annual bowl fight between the freshmen and sophomores of the University of Pennsylvania, in which one lad lost his life and six others were badly injured. At the left is a portrait of William Lifson of Elizabethtown, N. J., who was killed. He was a member of the freshman class and was twenty years old.

LAYING LABOR BUILDING CORNERSTONE



Samuel Gompers, Secretary of Labor Wilson and others taking part in the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the new building being erected in Washington as headquarters of the American Federation of Labor.

OKLAHOMA OFF FOR ITS TRIALS



The battleship Oklahoma, latest superdreadnaught to be added to the United States navy, here seen as she passed beneath the Brooklyn bridge on her way to the coast of Maine for official trials, stood the first tests well. She developed a speed of 21.47 knots.

USE FILMS FOR EDUCATION

Authorities of State of Iowa Have a New Scheme, Which Promises to Be Successful. By co-operation with the motion picture producers of the state, Iowa maintains a film library which is expected to be an important part in the educational system of the state in years to come. Notable events in Iowa such as the state fair, the annual \$1,000,000 stock parade, big football games, etc., are taken by motion picture companies which exhibit the pictures until they are no longer commercially profitable when they are turned over to the curator of the historical department of the state who preserves them for educational uses. Street scenes in important cities, public buildings, the operation of industrial plants, the Keokuk dam and other aspects of the social and industrial activities of the state are shown in the collection, which includes about 50,000 feet of film. The plan of collecting and preserving films which portray social and industrial conditions of the day, suggests possible revolutionary changes in teaching methods, particularly the teaching of history. Actual pictures will convey to posterity an idea of the life of a preceding age far more graphically and economically than books or lectures. Taken in conjunction with the phonograph, motion pictures may leave to following ages a transcript of the events of the times and an impression of its celebrities far clearer than is now possible.

INDIAN A CAPITOL GUARD



Frank Janis, a Sioux Indian from Tripp county, South Dakota, is one of the men employed by Uncle Sam to protect his property. He has joined the force of police that guard the capitol at Washington. Janis is well educated, owns a big farm on the Rose Bud reservation and drives his own automobile.

Rehearses in Six Languages.

Richard Ordynski, the Polish producer who is now in New York, is very different from the average Broadway theatrical manager. The latter usually speaks but two languages—English and profane. Ordynski speaks eight. When Pawlawa was here he conducted some of the rehearsals in six languages—conversing in Russian with the famous dancer, in Polish with the conductor, Italian with the members of the orchestra, German with the property men and English with the house manager. Professor Ordynski—he was once a member of the faculty of the University of Cracow, despite the fact that he is only thirty years of age—has been invited to deliver a course of lectures on Polish literature at Columbia university.